

Consisting of

JUSTICE and INJUSTICE.

From these Words of our Saviour in St. Matthew's Gospel, Chap. the 7th, and Verse 12.
Therefore all things, whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do you even so to them: for this is the law and the prophets.

From which is observ'd the manifold Blessings that attend the just and conscientious Man; together with sundry Examples of the unjust and wicked Men, both divine and moral. Not unworthy the perusal of all Degrees of People; wishing it might prove as a motive to deter Men from all Injustice.

Written by this Author, who brings a small Treat of her own Work once a Year, and no more, desiring, if not accepted, to keep it Clean till she calls for it.

Courteous Reader,

It was of Temperance I before did write,
Now 'tis of Justice that my Muse doth treat;
That golden Rule I gladly would recite;
The Rule our blessed Saviour did repeat,
For our Instruction; let us, let us then,
Do as we would be dealt by of all Men.
And tho' to some the Counsel will be vain,
My Muse by others will be entertain'd,
For which my humble Thanks are most unfeign'd,
Which mix'd with Prayers and Wishes shall ascend,
To great Jehovah till my final End.

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Courteous Reader.

THIS small Tract is writ, and presented by this Bearer, who is descended from eminent Clergymen, from the third Generation, all in and near the City of York; craving the acceptance hereof, with all submission, and as in Gratitude bound will pray with a most thankful Acknowledgement, for this, and all Favours past.

To my Courteous Reader.

Some say *Astrea* from the land is fled,
Whilst others do affirm she hence is run;
But fame's loud trumpet blows aloud she's
dead;

That justice is absented quite and gone.
But I affirm, with thousands, still she stays,
And will with them reside throughout
their days.

All just men will *Astrea* still adore,
In spite of blazing fame's repeated lies,
The bright *Astrea's* lives for evermore:
From just and honest men she never flies.
That after this vain world so transitory,
She lifts them up to everlasting glory;
Whilst base injustice with unjust men stay,
And hurries them a quite contrary way.
This world was never of unjust men moyed,
Tho' their injustice hath themselves de-
stroy'd:

Examples herein also show the same;
But for upright men, let us praise God's name.

Grant

GRant aid to me, Jehovah, I require,
 Assist my weakness, and my muse
 inspire:

Supply my dull defects, and grant success;
 Be pleas'd, my God, my handy-work to
 bless.

For *Paul* may water, and *Apollo* plant
 In vain, if thou do not thy blessing grant;
 If thou, O lord, the city doth not keep,
 In vain the watchman doth refrain from
 sleep.

Thus by God's help I once again appear,
 With my new little tract this present year:
 Alas! my muse doth hang her drooping
 head;

Old time hath clipt her wings, her heels
 are lead:

But yet she soars to use her aged skill,
 To portray dame *Astrea* with her quill;
 Justice I mean, and equity and right,
 Wishing injustice all was banish'd quite.

But ah, alas! 'tis bootless to believe
 That the deceiver will not still deceive.
 Altho' our Lord, that knew our imperfec-
 tions,

Gave us this blessed rule for our directions:
 He saith, whatever you would have men be
 To you, perform to them the self-same
 equity;

Nay, further he this precept doth explain,
 And tells us 'tis the law and prophets plain:
 And notwithstanding many do neglect it,
 Ten thousand thousands just men do accept it.
 We may conjecture and well understand,
 'Tis for just men that this vain world doth
 stand.

Had but ten righteous men in *Sodom* dwelt,
 Sad fire and brimstone they had never felt.
 Our Saviour's rule is kept by all that's just,
 In all events they put in God their trust:
 For law and prophets they this rule do take;
 To gain the world will not this rule forsake.
 The righteous man will evermore be just,
 Whose memory will blossom in the dust.
 The just shall live by faith, which lifts to
 glory,

In spite of this vain world so transitory:
 They use a conscience, steering justice helm;
 Nay, if injustice should them overwhelm.
 If this world's frail allurements forgo them,
 And base injustice seem to overthrow them,
 For just men still both God and man doth }
 know them. }

For if a just man falls, it is most plain,
 Since he is just, he falls to rise again.
Astrea hand in hand with him will go;
 But with the wicked man it is not so.
 He is unwilling harm to him should come;
 But to do harm to others swiftly runs.

Then

Then let me ask the man that doth commit
 Wrong unto others, how he would like of it,
 To be so serv'd himself in any case,
 'Tis this our Saviour's precept doth deface.
 Say wretch, say thou that can'st some murder act,

Or glory in some heinous monstrous fact:
 Thou can'st not say thou would'st be served
 so;

Or be oppress'd, or brought to grief or woe:
 Would'st thou be stript, or rob'd, or suffer
 wrong

By dint of sword, or some base slanderous
 tongue?

Would'st thou by perjury be brought in snare,
 Or by unjust men plung'd in sad despair?

By usury oppress'd, or plunder'd quite;

By some litigious broils lose all thy right,

Meet the afflictions poverty procures,

All through injustice which thou so endures.

I'm sure thou wilt confess thou wouldst not be

By no injustice brought to misery.

Cease from injustice then, do not oppress;

Nor wrong thy neighbour by thy wickedness.

Let no false balance or bad measure be

A motive of thy want of equity,

Lest the same measure should be made to
 thee.

If thou liv'st by extortion, thou wilt find,

Vice meets with vice in one or other kind.

Use not deceit in any art or trade,
 Injustice reigneth there I am afraid;
 Particulars my tract cannot portray,
 Of each injustice that amongst us stay:
 Not many traders I'm afraid are free,
 But very slighting of just equity.
 So much injustice doth amongst us stay,
 It bends Christ's precepts a contrary way.
 If this bless'd rule was harbour'd in each
 breast,

How would this happy land be sweetly
 bless'd!

Then would there not such great complain-
 ings be

In *Albion* for the breach of equity.

No, nor so much occasion for the laws,
 For the deciding each litigious cause:
 Nor hirelings complain for their just due,
 If all our actions might be just and true.
 Executors would then no orphans wrong,
 Nor poor by parishes where they belong,
 By such who are appointed to oversee
 Their wants, instead of which oppressors be.
 Thus justice is perverted, tho' not dead,
 From wickedness and lewdness she is fled.
 Empiricks and quacks will practice try
 Upon the poor, which goes for charity.
 Step-fathers and step-mothers often are
 Unjust to children left unto their care:

And

And many a prentice, by the unjust doing
Of dame or master, comes to utter ruin.
Retaliation may to such be paid,
When they themselves within the grave are
laid :

Altho' their own they cockering do nourish,
Fate often frowns where fortune seems to
flourish.

'Tis plain the unjust man is quite exempt,
From equity and goodness is so bent,
That rather than pity shall approach his
breast,

He sooner will afflict those that's distress'd.
O dismal case! to be a man unjust,
He neither fears his God, or in him trusts:
Tho' God and man's laws he so much doth
slight ;

Yet will the Judge of the whole world do
right.

Without repentance the unjust will be
Banish'd his presence to eternity.

But base injustice is of a long date ;

Witness how *Cain* wrought his brother's fate,

And how the *Sodomites* with *Lot* did deal,

And *Joseph's* mistress's wickedness reveal'd.

Laban gave *Jacob* blear-ey'd *Leah* too,

Instead of *Rachel* fair, which was his due.

Delillah did also *Sampson* strong betray,

Told the *Philistines* where his great strength
lay.

And

And holy *David* fell, but penitence
 Did work his pardon for his great offence,
 In taking *Bathsheba* to be his wife;
 Bereaving poor *Uriah* of his life.
 And *Nebuchadnezzar* did injustice show,
 To *Shadrach*, *Mesbach*, and *Abednego*.
Daniel he cast into the lion's den.
 Amongst the beasts, was after drove from
 men.

The wicked elders did unjustly lay
 A charge on chaste *Susannah* for their pay,
 Their wretched lives were taken both }
 away.

Judas betray'd perfidiously his Lord,
 The holy writ doth all these facts record, }
 With all the persecutions of our Lord. }
 When *Pilate* wash'd his hands, 'twas with
 intent

To gain belief that he was innocent.
 So vile hypocrisy and base deceit
 Continues still unto this present date;
 And in our later times injustice rag'd,
 In which this land was miserably engag'd.
 Witness the grand rebellion, and sad fate }
 Of royal *Charles* at his own palace-gate, }
 By his rebellious ireful subjects hate. }
 Subjects, said I! ah, most infernal brood;
 Grim *Pluto's* agents, shed the martyr's
 blood:

But he is exalted to the throne of bliss,
 Which

Which murderers must, without repentance,
miss.

Injustice acted fundry wicked crimes,
Down from the conquest to those dismal
times:

And daily mischiefs still are oft compacted,
All on the stage of dire injustice acted.

And altho' learned teachers do admonish,
And from the pulpit seems for to astonish,
And to affright them from pernicious ways,
Still doth unjust men slight what pastors says.

Perseveres in defrauds will not forsake,
Their darling sins for God or conscience-sake.
God grant unjust men may by true repentance
Seek to escape the final fiery sentence.

This is the scope of every just man's prayer;
If not, I leave them to be as they are.

But where is dame *Astrea* to be found?

O! where doth justice in the world abound?

Why then I shall, but must be very brief,

Tell where she makes her residence in chief:

I think in woods and groves she most remains,

To fly injustice, and its woful trains,

Of unjust sins that are its chief attendants;

Where just men find her being their depen-
dence:

They know and will have sweet society

With all the branches of just equity;

'Tis they that know the graces all by name,

That are attendance on that princely dame;

Those

Those are the damsels of her whole attendance,
 Thro' weal or woe, they will have their de-
 On bright *Astrea*, 'spite of fortune's guile;
 If weep, they weep; if smile, they then will
 smile.

Thro' all cross paths they follow justice still,
 No frown of fate restrains the just man's will:
 These are her hand-maids which I here
 shall name,
 That still attends her in her pomp or shame,
 Will not abandon her for the world's vast
 gain.

Namely, religion, bounty, and content,
 Mercy and peace, those heav'nly ornaments.
 Faith hope and charity with justice 'bides,
 Altho' in cottages she oft doth hide
 Her noble head far from the reach of pride.
 Humility is one of her grand train,
 Piety and prudence will with her remain:
 Devotion is the subject of her muse,
 That all strict justice may be ever us'd.
 Integrity and truth, and righteousness
 Are in her train, which lead to blessedness.
 These with *Astrea*, and the graces all,
 Are the society of just men all:
 Altho' with wicked men they are per-
 plex'd;
 Nay, wrong'd, or griev'd, or divers ways are
 vex'd.

Yet

Yet shall their righteous dealing shine more
gay,

Than the most brightest sun at the noon-day.

The just man spies in man great subtlety,

Unrighteous dealing and hypocrisy:

He sees how vice on the unjust intrude;

Lying, deceiving, and ingratitude.

Yet none of these a just man can deface,

His *summum bonum* is in virtue's chace,

Justice and equity he will embrace:

Steers all his acts in perfect righteousness,

And God doth all his undertakings bless,

And crowns his actions with desir'd success.

He sees the wicked like a green bay-tree,

Flourish its branches out most pleasantly:

With holy *David* doth the case deplore;

I pass'd by, and saw his place no more.

This counsel of king *David* is remember'd,

Of all just men that to his son he tender'd:

Thou *Solomon*, my son, this precept mind,

Know thou thy father's God, and be inclin'd

To serve him with a true and perfect heart;

And *Tobit* to *Tobias* doth impart

This lesson to his son: my son, saith he,

Serve God, and see that ever just thou be;

From heaven justice hath her pedigree,

And Great Jehovah doth injustice see.

Justice is painted holding in her right hand

A sword, and in her left she with a ballance

stands:

One

One weighs the case of every unjust crime,
The other cuts them down in God's due
time.

In poor apparel she is portray'd also,
Cause wicked rich men justice will not know.
God is the God of justice, and no man
Can hide his wickedness do all he can;
He views each action, and all base oppression;
and will avenge himself for those transgres-
sions.

But those that from injustice still withdraw,
And will be just, and keep God's holy law,
Are only happy; O! my feeble pen
Cannot portray those happy, happy men,
That keep this rule, this golden rule pursue,
Do always what they would have others do.
To them, and for this justice, as a recompence,
God will all blessings unto them dispense;
And if in this life they have grief or crosses,
Heaven's a blest reward for this world's losses.
Then you that have unjustly stor'd, beware,
Thy sin forsake, and fly to God by pray'r.
Alas! who would in ill-got riches rouse
Or gain the world to lose his precious soul?
If rich, your riches can no way protect ye;
Be rich or poor, if wicked, God will reject ye.
Which to prevent, let us act nothing worse,
Than what we would have all men do to us.

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